

## The Heron

Silver, shapeshifting heron,  
Emerging from the morning mist.  
Poised at the sharp water's edge,  
Luminous against the fading moon.

Jenny Methven

## Haiku

sun-kissed blister weeps  
festering souvenir bursts  
vacation bubble

Therese Kieran

## And The Mud

Van Gogh didn't need a patron saint.  
He prayed to the sun and the mud.  
They were kind to Vincent, nudging him  
towards his better instincts, whispering  
to him to let loose the whorl.

Steve Brightman

## Bathroom Novena

The candle sits stumped  
Atop the cistern where you lay waste  
Your fears with prayer  
On Tuesdays before bed.

Often I have slumped  
Over the cool porcelain  
Baking last night's stout  
And wondered on the comforts of habit.

Mick McCullagh

## Three Seconds

Anything could happen  
in the time it takes  
a snail to see the light.

Stephanie Conn

## Cloud shadows

Cloud shadows pass over  
As quickly as the years.  
A son *et lumiere*  
Showing patterns and histories.  
The path of an ancient God  
In search of war.

Jenny Methven



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## Dropped the Moon

A small piece of white paper,  
coarse-cut and raggedy-round,  
falls from my young son's fingers  
and floats slowly to the ground.

He looks down, then up to me,  
shocked because he dropped the moon.

Joe Cushnan

## View of Horses

From our stable-framed window  
I wake and gaze out

and down upon  
streams of breath;

Nostril-led, soul-tailed,  
flowing through falling sun.

Matthew Rice

## Gate

When you went to hang that gate,  
You and your father's ghost  
Paused deliberate to debate  
its swing and fall:  
The homespun physics of it,  
All static and kinetic  
As if he wasn't gone at all.

Michael Healy

## Still Life

You forget to eat, but your forgetfulness  
bears other fruit – this orange,  
for example, or what's happening to it.  
Eyes won't wear out the green  
and white death with which it is dusted.

Patrick Deeley

## Broken Record

...The needle scratches  
an itch that didn't need  
scratched and carves a groove  
where...

Glen Wilson

## A Slow Start to the Set

All materials are alive –  
at least in the sense they  
have potential to make sound.

Metals ring, while woods vibrate,  
put them together you have  
guitars and violins –

inside of which, the tunes are  
only sleeping...

Pete Mullineaux

## Surface Tension

Come swim with me; we'll defy the warning signs  
and forsake  
the reed beds and the willows, to dive among the  
dark currents,  
where life is small, walled in by jagged rocks and  
vicious outcrops.  
Kestrel-keen was the eye that first surveyed this seam;  
the land was  
broken, made a hell-pit, choked with black dust and  
diesel smoke, until finally,  
unviable, it was easily abandoned; drop by drop it filled,  
its scars concealed.

Jason O'Rourke

## When the Music's Over

Our souls are too great  
to squeeze into small  
plastic boxes or silver discs.  
I like my music big,  
78, 33, 45,  
dressed in black vinyl,  
love and lives etched  
onto a single groove.

David Atkinson

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